

Sign on the Dotted Line

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Category: Brave, 2012, How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-09-17 03:00:51

Updated: 2013-09-17 03:00:51

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:06:08

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,061

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: When boundary disputes threaten to cause war between two not-so-peaceful sides, duty falls to two soon-to-be rulers to rebuild a broken treaty and form peace between two foes. A Mericcup fic (Merida x Hiccup)

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**\*\*Hey guys! I'm back with a second fic. I'm sorry if you find any inaccuracies throughout the fic. Please remember this isn't supposed to follow the story lines to a T, but some parallels will pop up here and there. I do not own Brave or HTTYD, let's be real. I'm no where near amazing enough to create them. The movies and their characters belong to Disney and Dreamworks respectively.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The King had been gone for a week's time. Queen Elinor spent every waking moment worrying about her husband and praying for his safe return. The young princess of DunBroch often caught her mother pacing in the corridors at odd hours or muttering to herself as her father had often remarked that she did when something troubled her. Queen Elinor's strictness in her daughter's lessons had softened to the point where Merida could ask for (and receive) early dismissals. The princes had taken to redirecting the pranks usually played on their father. Maudie had found many an arachnid in her sleeping quarters.<p>

The clan MacGuffin had sent word of invaders from the seas. Strange ships bearing Viking crests had been spotted by one of the Lord's ships on the outskirts and they had sent word across the kingdom requesting aid. King Fergus had jumped at the chance to bash skulls, especially with Viking scum. The treaty between their kingdom and the Vikings had always been shaky at best. It was fragile. Both parties walked a thin line drawn in tension and mistrust. War could break at the drop of hat and while both parties could claim to be more than ready to throw down, peace was always preferable.

Fergus had gone to help reinforce MacGuffin's shores and bring more supplies with which to arm their men. He had to meet (supposedly briefly) with the lords but Fergus wouldn't make any calls to battle without first discussing it with his wife. He knew better. No one expected the king's absence to be this strenuous.

It became even more so when the castle doors burst open and a ragged and battle-worn king of DunBroch stumbled inside. Elinor rushed to him and, with a strength one wouldn't expect from the queen, supported him and helped him to stand. Fergus joked of how this reminded him of their first date and the queen, both relieved and terrified, let out a tense chuckle.

"Fergus, what's happened?" She had to repeat herself several times before she could get a straight answer.

"Just a bit 'a sailin' gone awry. Nothin' ta be so worried about. Yer always prettier with a smile, Elinor."

"You need yer rest, Fergus. A bit a patchin' up an'â€¦ an you'll be good as new." Her lips pulled to a strained, flat smile.

Merida watched from across the room where she'd been practicing her projecting. She was stiff. She'd seen her father come home with injuries before but this? He looked burned and far more battered than she could recall having ever seen him. Her mother knew it, too. Merida, perhaps, didn't give the queen enough credit. She was strong. Her husband was in ill shape and she held her own.

"Merida," The queen called to her. The princess jumped somewhat.

"M-mum?"

"Go and fetch the medical box. Then find Maudie and send her to my room."

"Yes, mum." She turned on her heels, about to race off when her mother spoke one more.

"And Merida," She called, "Hurry."

\* \* \*

><p>Stoick the Vast was a man of many mysteries- at least to his son, Hiccup. After the incident with Red Death the Chief of the Hairy Hooligans had tried to see things from his son's point of view. The Isle of Berk had begun to accept dragons among their own and Stoick tried to prepare his son for his future role as Chief, though his son was still small and gods forbid he should be without his Night Fury in times of trouble. He only wanted the best for his son, though that often seemed to involve giving him the more menial jobs and sheltering him from any real dangers. Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III hadn't once been allowed out into battle even with Toothless by his side. It was far too dangerous. So, Hiccup made do with the things he was allowed to do.<p>

There had been supposed trouble near the borders out in the seas. A ship sent out for fishing had spotted a handful of Celts encroaching

on their seas. Stoick and the men had taken a few dragons along with their ships to investigate the matters. The trip would only take a few days depending on what they found. Hiccup could only hope this didn't bring trouble. Things in Berk were never sunshine and rainbows to begin with.

So, when his father's ships came back battered with axes driven into their wooden frames and long tears in their masts Hiccup knew that only one thing could come of it. War.

"Dad!" Hiccup called as Toothless landed on the docks. "What's going on? What happened?"

"We were attacked! That's what happened. The blasted Celts tried to get us with our backs turned but the savages didn't expect us to be sporting dragons. We gave them a run for their money, but not before they got in a good few hits. We lost a ship." The Chief turned to look at the two ships that had returned. If Hiccup had learned anything it was that the Celts were bad news. The damages done were only the beginning of many.

"Let me help! I can take Toothless andâ€"

"No! No, Hiccup. It's too dangerous."

"But Dad I know I can do this. You have to trust me." Hiccup extended his hands in pleading. Stoick turned his back.

"This discussion is over, Hiccup."

Just like old times.

\* \* \*

><p>It was late. The moon had been out for hours now and people (and dragons) of Berk had crawled into their beds- all except for the Chief's son and his dragon.<p>

"Come on, Toothless." Hiccup said in a hushed tone. The dragon looked at him with innocent eyes.

"I know it's late buddy but I have to do this."

Toothless nudged his head into his rider's side.

\* \* \*

><p>Everyone was asleep. Her mother, who hadn't had a good night's sleep since her father had left, was comforted by his return (though strained by his condition). The king's snores filled the castle, bouncing off of every nook and cranny. The man deserved a good long rest after what god-awful things he'd endured. The Queen knew, though reluctant to tell her children. Merida managed to get the triplets to "persuade" Maudie to tell them what she knew.<p>

And it was only going to cost her her deserts for three weeks.

Apparently things hadn't gone so smoothly over with the clan MacGuffin. The lords bickered about just about everythingâ€though

what else was new? Without her mother there to mediate their best option of defusing the situation was to hunt down the vandals.

Because if there was anything King Fergus hated more than bears it was Vikings.

Merida tiptoed from her room, through the maze of corridors and out through the door connecting the kitchen to the outside. She flew down the steps, halting to crouch beside the stables as a pair of giggling hand maids went past. Merida smirked to herself; eyes scanning the dark for any more figures before she stood and crept around to Angus' stall. The Clydesdale greeted her with a huff of warm air against her fair cheek. She grinned immediately and wrapped her arms around the horse's thick neck.

"Up fer a ride, Angus?" She chimed. The horse nodded his head twice and tapped his hoof on the ground. " A 'course ya are." She walked around to his side and pulled herself up with fluid grace.

"Hyah!"

\* \* \*

><p>An odd feeling came over him when the seas they had been flying over transitioned to thick forests, rushing streams and wide valleys. It was beautiful out here, unlike the dangerous cliffs and rugged glory Berk offered. Berk had its own beauties, though staring at the same oddly shaped, snow-covered rocks for so many years could get tiring, especially when a majority of those years were spent cowering behind them from dragons.<p>

Hiccup switched gears and Toothless soared up over the forest canopy. The trees were darker here. Twisted and rustling in the midnight breeze. Toothless whimpered and Hiccup drew his eyes down to the forest floor. He couldn't see anything. Boldly, the dragon descended through the trees and Hiccup dismounted his faithful friend to investigate by foot. He pat the Night Fury's side as he pushed forward through the entangled forestry.

Toothless growled as a flash of blue flickered in the corner of his eye. Hiccup stumbled as he turned, his prosthetic leg failing him in the foreign terrain. Toothless appeared behind him as a crutch while the Viking found his footing.

"Thanks, bud." He huffed.

The bluish figure formed off in the distance with a sing-song whimper to grab their attention. Toothless' features narrowed and his teeth clenched. Hiccup extended two gentle hands in an attempt at calming his companion. The wisp-like creature disappeared for a moment, only to reappear even farther away.

"Stay here, Toothless."

He didn't like that idea.

"You're scaring it away. I'll be back soon, I promise. Trust me." The Night Fury stared him down momentarily before his face softened. He

nudged his head into Hiccup's open hand as he sat himself down on his haunches. At least someone seemed to hold some faith in him.

He backed away from the dragon, hand still extended and eyes locked until he was a few steps away. He turned and followed after the ghostlike form.

\* \* \*

><p>Angus had thrown her. He'd thrown her! He almost never threw her. In fact, she couldn't recall a time where her best four-legged friend had tossed her from his back. Now she lay sprawled on the ground, dirt on her knees and hurt in her eyes.<p>

"Angus! Whot's gotten inta ye?" She frowned. Angus whinnied and reared back onto his rear legs. A blue entity danced off through the trees. The fiery princess rose to her feet, hands extending to try to calm the spooked horse. "Angus, Angus! Shh, we're alrigh'. It's just a wisp! C'mon now."

The horse calmed but took a step back. He refused to go any further.

"Right, stay here then." She freed her bow from her shoulders and placed any arrows that had fallen along with her back into the quiver on her hip.

"A'll be back." She promised, touching her hand to horse's muzzle. He breathed onto her cold palms as they looked into each other's eyes for an extended moment.

She followed after the path the wisps illuminated for her. The forest seemed to be at an unusual calmâ€"not that much ever happened out there anyways. The wisps led people to their fate, or so old legends claim. They were magical beings with unexplained origins, but they always seemed to know when to make an appearance. She had seen them once before as a child on the day where her father lost his leg.

The wisps led her out into the open. Large pillar-like rocks stood in a circle in the middle of the clearing. The menhirs were ominous at best, yet striking. Merida had never been to this part of the lands before. She hadn't known these standing stones ever existed, though they looked like they had been standing long before some of the kingdom's tales had been written. The final wisp led her into the center of the circle, beckoning to her with a playful hand. She tilted her head back, hood falling off her head as she looked up at the looming stones.

\_SNAP!\_

Merida spun, drawing her bow and slipping an arrow from her quiver and onto the string of her bow with expertise. Her eyes, once full of wonder, were now narrowed towards the scrawny brunette with wide, fear-filled eyes and strange clothing. The boy stumbled back, falling onto his rear as the princess advanced towards him with an arrow aimed between his eyes.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So, there you have it! I'm sorry if it isn't very good or

if there are any 'inaccuracies'. Bear with me, bros.<strong>

End  
file.